To kiſſe her buriall ; ſhould I goe to Church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſels ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enroabe the roaring water with my ſilkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd vvould make me ſad ?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeare :
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sala. Why then you are in love. *Anth.* Fie, fie.

Sal. Not in love neither : then let us ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry ; and twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time :
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a Pagpiper.
And other of ſuch Vineger aſpect,
That they'l not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſweare the jeſt be laughable.

Enter *Baſſanio*, *Lorenſo*, and *Gratiano*.

Sala. Here comes *Baſſanio* your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Fare ye well,
We leave you now vvith better company.

Salan. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deare in my regard.
I take it your owne buſineſſe calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow my good Lords.

Baſſ. Good ſigniors both
You grow exceeding ſtrange
Sal. Weele make our ley

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*,
We two will leave you, but
I pray you have in minde vv
Baſſ. I vvill not faile yo
Gra. You looke not vve
You have too much reſpect
They looſe it that doe buy it
Beleeve me you are mervel
Ant. I hold the vvorld
A ſtage, vvhere every man
And mine a ſad one.
Grat. Let me play the fo
With mirth and laughter le
And let my liver rather heat
Then my heart coole vvith
Why ſhould a man whoſe
Sit like his Grandſire, cut i
Sleepe when he vvakes ? a
By being peeviſh ? I tell t
I love thee, and tis my love
There are a ſort of men wh
Doe creame and mantle lik
And doe a wilfull ſtilneſſe
With purpoſe to be dreſt i
Of vviſdome, gravitie, pr
As who ſhould ſay, I am
And when I ope my lips, l
O my *Anthonio* I doe kn
That therefore onely are re
For ſaying nothing ; whe
If they ſhould ſpeake, wo
Which hearing them wou
Ile tell thee more of this a
But fiſh not with this mel

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